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Alcohol and After

A wholly new and scientific contribution to the discussion of prohibition appears in the current North American Review, based upon the figures of the health survey of our mobilized forces in the war. These records are now revealed for the first time by Dr. Pearce Bailey, the psychiatrist who had charge of the problem of mental defectives, drug addicts, alcoholics, etc., in the draft.

The astonishing conclusion reached from this health survey is that in every thousand physically sound American young men there are twenty too much invalided from mental deficiency and nervous diseases to be soldiers, while there is less than one unfit from alcohol.

Dr. Bailey explains in detail how these statistics were assembled. An elaborate questionnaire was filled out by the examining doctors with extraordinary thoroughness and care. Practically the entire 3,500,000 men examined were thus reported upon.

The actual figure of recruits discharged for alcoholism and alcoholic insanity was 3,200, or less than .1 per cent of those examined. This result was astonishingly small, smaller than any estimates had foreseen. Proceeding with the analysis of the survey, Dr Bailey is driven to this extraordinary conclusion:

> "The general opinion that alcoholism and mental deficiency go hand in hand, that the drunkard is defective and that the simpleton eventually fills a drunkard's grave, that both combine together to bring about the poverty and misery of the indigent classes finds little support from these examinations of the army. The two conditions operate separately for the most part, and no two conditions which limit the normal function of the human mind are further apart in their clinical and social characteristics."

Here are the chief items of divergence: Only 9 per cent of the mental defectives of the army gave a history of intemperance; 40 per cent were abstinent. Mental defect predominates in rural communities, and, while not mutually exclusive, alcoholism and mental deficiency do not flourish in greatest abundance in the same communities. Of the total of white mental and nervous cases diagnosed, 3.5 per cent were alcoholic, 29.2 per cent were mental defects. There were nineteen states which exceeded the 29.2 per cent average, and not one of these exceeded the 3.5 per cent alcohol rate. In Maine, for a striking example, 84.5 per cent of the cases diagnosed were mental defects; only 2.5 per cent were alcoholics. The other states showing an abnormal percentage of mental deficiency were in the South, and their alcoholic rate was almost negligible. In North Carolina, for exampie, the respective percentages were 46.7 and .7. Conversely, of the seventeen states which exceeded the average 3.5 per cent rate for alcoholism, none exceeded the 29.2 mental deficiency rate.

The same apparent antagonism between alcoholism and mental deficiency is revealed in respect to the different races, and especially in relation to the negro. Alcoholism did not exist among the negroes; there were only 29 cases in all. But there were 4,055 negro mental defectives.

Dr. Bailey attempts a tentative explanation of these astonishing results which is suggestive. The mental defectives of whom he is speaking are those which have the mind of a child of eight years or below (the standard test for rejection in the army). But statistics show that for every such defective there are at least ten who, while not classified as feeble-minded, are sluggish, backward and dull. Thus the community which has a high rate of defectives is bound to be backward. On the other hand, communities falling below the average for mental defect would show more initiative originality, progressiveness. They would be endowed with an excess of energy and would seek artificial outlets for it, alcohol among them. "It may be that alcoholism," Dr. Bailey suggests, "is the price they must pay for their superior endowments"—citing the striking fact that there were 22.23 mental defectives per 1,000 draftees from Maine, as compared with 9.24 per 1,000 from New York.

Dr. Bailey does not take a stand against prohibition save as his figures tend to demonstrate its powerlessness to regenerate the race. He considers that the draft figures reduce prohibition to a minor factor of reform. Not until the problem of the mental defective, his propagation and the special training of his limited ability to a maximum of usefulness, is faced and met, can the general average of welfare and progress be materially raised.

Philippine Misgovernment

Governor General Harrison's régime in the Philippines, now at an end, leaves disorganization and demoralization behind it. These were the logical consequences of the Wilson-Harrison policy. Mr. Wilson sought to cast the islands adrift. He continually encouraged the idea that the Filipinos were ready to set up for themselves in the family of nations. He clashed on this point with Mr. Garrison, his first Secretary of War. He advised the House of Representatives to accept the Clarke bill, passed by the Senate, providing for a prompt renunciation of American sovereignty.

Mr. Harrison was an apt instrument in promoting the theory of separation and independence. He courted the leaders of the native independence party. He sought to divest himself of political responsibility and to transfer it to them. Under his rule the insular government fell rapidly under native control and administration, becoming laxer and injuriously subordinated to the ambitions and purposes of local politicians. Reports have come to Congress that the Philippine National Bank has been mismanaged, that its health service has broken down, that school standards have been lowered and that a general drive is being made to check the teaching and use of the English language.

Mr. Harrison has been officially an effusive apologist for American occupation and sovereignty. If he and the President could have had their way he would have been the last of the American Governors General. It will take a long time to undo the evil effects of such an attitude. To bring the Filipinos to a real understanding of our relations to them and their relations to us and to restore the respect and prestige which the insular government enjoyed before 1913 will be one of the tasks of the Harding Administration.

The world has been upset and sobered by the great war. It has also been disorganized. It is one into which no weak, small, backward people can safely be cut loose. The Filipinos are not people in the sense that they have achieved political unity or developed any clear sense of nationality. Left to themselves, they couldn't hold together and would fall a prey to some stronger colonizing power. They lie within a zone of peril. The Wilson Administration dealt with them in a spirit of sentimentalism and unreality. But in their soberer moments they must themselves realize that they have never needed so much as now the protection and aid of the United States.

The Johnson Model

While Senator Johnson is occupied in New York the mice are playing in California. The California Public Utility Commission is increasing street railway fares.

The law under which the California commission operates was passed in 1911, Hiram Johnson then being California's Governor and the law's chief advocate. It gave to a commission appointed by the Governor jurisdiction over rates, service, finances, facilities and extensions. Indeed, it would almost seem as if Governor Miller went to the Johnson law for his model. The only difference is that Governor Miller would restrict the membership of the commission here to citizens of this city, whereas Governor Johnson showed no similar consideration for San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Says the Johnsonized California commission in its report for 1920:

> The commission has not hesitated to extend to the electric railway systems of the state such relief, by increase of fares or by establishment of the zone system, or by ordering radical operating economies, as would insure a continuation of reasonably good service.
>
> The commission also has taken opportunity to call attention to its belief that the relationship between street railways and the communities they serve should be radically changed, and that a modification of obsolete franchise requirements would distinctly be in the interest of the public.

As to home rule, Governor Miller and Senator Johnson are in agreement. A meeting between them should not be marked by acerbity or even a marked difference of opinion.

The Last Hysterics

The hysterics of the gallery at Sir Philip Gibbs's lecture at Carnegie Hall represented the dwindling minority of Sinn Féin. Father Duffy, in his plucky plea for fair play and candid discussion, spoke for the rapidly mounting majority of Irishmen everywhere. Every report from Ireland confirms this fact. The republic is a discarded dream, save among the few screaming extremists such as tried to break up the Gibbs meeting.

A large work of reconciliation remains to be done. The mechanism of compromise must be adjusted. But once the South of Ireland rejects its hysterical extremists there is genuine hope. Provided foreign domination is guarded against and England's command of Ireland as a military base secured, and provided the rights of religious minorities are protected, England is undoubtedly ready to accede the largest measure of self-government to her other islands.

The chief difficulty remaining is precisely those wild separatists who howled down Sir Philip Gibbs. Such a group of hysterics, however small, is a constant source of irritation and incitement. Father Duffy and Sir Philip Gibbs both kept their heads and tempers in face of these antics. Other folk on either side of the Irish Channel are not so fair minded or self-controlled. And just as this handful of radicals kept all Carnegie Hall in an uproar and seriously interfered with calm discussion, so this remnant of Sinn Féin die-hards keeps the South of Ireland in a turmoil and England wrathful to an extent utterly disproportionate to their numbers or importance.

As for the audience's demonstration of good will to England it is undoubtedly representative of the overwhelming sentiment of America once one gets beneath surface irritations. Here again the silent many have little chance to stand up and be counted; the obstreperous few are perpetually vocal and striving for the limelight. But there can be no possible doubt of the fundamental convictions of the great mass of Americans.

Decorum

In some agreeable light essays Francis Hackett, of The New Republic, complains of the invisible censor who is constantly at the elbow of every one who writes. This impersonal but potent restrainer has no official authority; nevertheless, his blue pencil is always unsheathed and always editing free utterance.

Ancient is the wrangle between "I will" and "Thou shalt not." Seemingly that which irritated the first mother was prohibition. In literature, as in physics, the centrifugal urge, which for some unexplained reason regards itself as specially entitled to do as it pleases, is forever enraged over the stupidities of centripetalism, its tethering antagonist. Not much would be left of philosophy if there were stricken from its volumes all praise of tangents and all condemnation of the gravitational law. Yet why Mercury, with his wings, should rate himself better than Atlas, with his shoulders, has never been made clear.

Mr. Hackett, as is the fashion, falls heavily on decorum. Why should the pesky thing be allowed any influence, much less power to inhibit? He concedes, out of respect to Freud, a name of conjuration in modernist circles, that decorum is perhaps a tribal agent to enforce the tribal superstitions and to keep personal impulse where the tribe thinks it belongs, but for drawing-room decorum he feels loathing—a feeling more creditable to his emotional than to his intellectual reflexes.

For if there exists the spirit of decorum (and it does), and if nothing long exists without a sufficient reason, the scientific mind naturally is driven to find the reason. Freud fumbled toward the truth. Man is a social animal, and some measure of taboo is unescapable in social life. An individual may not altogether disregard the laws of the pack, and this without regard to their inherent goodness or badness.

Man is not only a social animal but an aspiring one, and decorum, despite its many absurdities, represents his ideals—his notions of what should be. He regards the future, and has a sense of what befits a man and foreshadows his hopes in his rules. The Roman Senators who sat immobile when a barbarian invaded their company displayed decorum in a heroic way. So did the Spartan boy who quietly endured while a wolf gnawed his vitals. There is a reason beyond hypocrisy why we pretend to be nobler and better than we are.

Moreover, there is a law, akin to one of mathematics, behind decorum. What does Mr. Hackett seek? Merely the substitution of one set of rules for another. Should he have his way the new régime would set up its new standards. Watch the manners of a young woman smoking her cigarette. She also has her ideals of appropriate conduct. When the polygamous and the polyandrous have established sex promiscuity the invisible censor will doubtless frown on the monogamous.

Like Omar, doctors we frequent, and hear great argument, and we emerge from the same door wherein we went. A chief defect of the radical mind is its lack of humor.

For Benson's Reappointment

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: As a lifelong Republican I was particularly pleased a few months ago to see The Tribune exhibit another evidence of its impartial position politically when it came out strongly for the Senate to approve Admiral Benson's reappointment as chairman of the United States Shipping Board. At the present time that appointment is before the Senate Committee on Commerce for action, and it looks as though Admiral Benson will fail of appointment due to the inactivity of the committee.

I speak with full knowledge when I say that no man to-day so thoroughly represents American thought, in so far as marine development is concerned, as Admiral Benson. He has served in many departments of ship endeavor during the forty-seven years of constant work in naval and shipbuilding activities which stretch over half a century of strenuous development. At the age of seventeen he entered the service of Uncle Sam, and during the forty-seven years he has been before the American people and the world no one has ever had a word of criticism as to his honesty of purpose or intense Americanism. He is the sterling type of man who seeks the hardest job. He came into the Shipping Board at a time when a war work had suddenly been changed into a peace work and with many of the most pressing problems left for him to settle.

No other man in this country can succeed Admiral Benson without consecrating months of hard study to reach the position Admiral Benson is in to-day. Only a man of the broadest vision must hold down the job, and in my humble opinion The Tribune was right several months ago when it indorsed Admiral Benson's reappointment.

What is the position of The New York Tribune to-day? Has the muck of an investigation committee been permitted to sully the reputation of the cleanest man who ever sat in public office? I have known Benson since he became the head of the naval operations. In his work there and his work as head of the Shipping Board he has shown himself the right man in the right place. A word from The Tribune at this time will help clear a rather cloudy atmosphere.

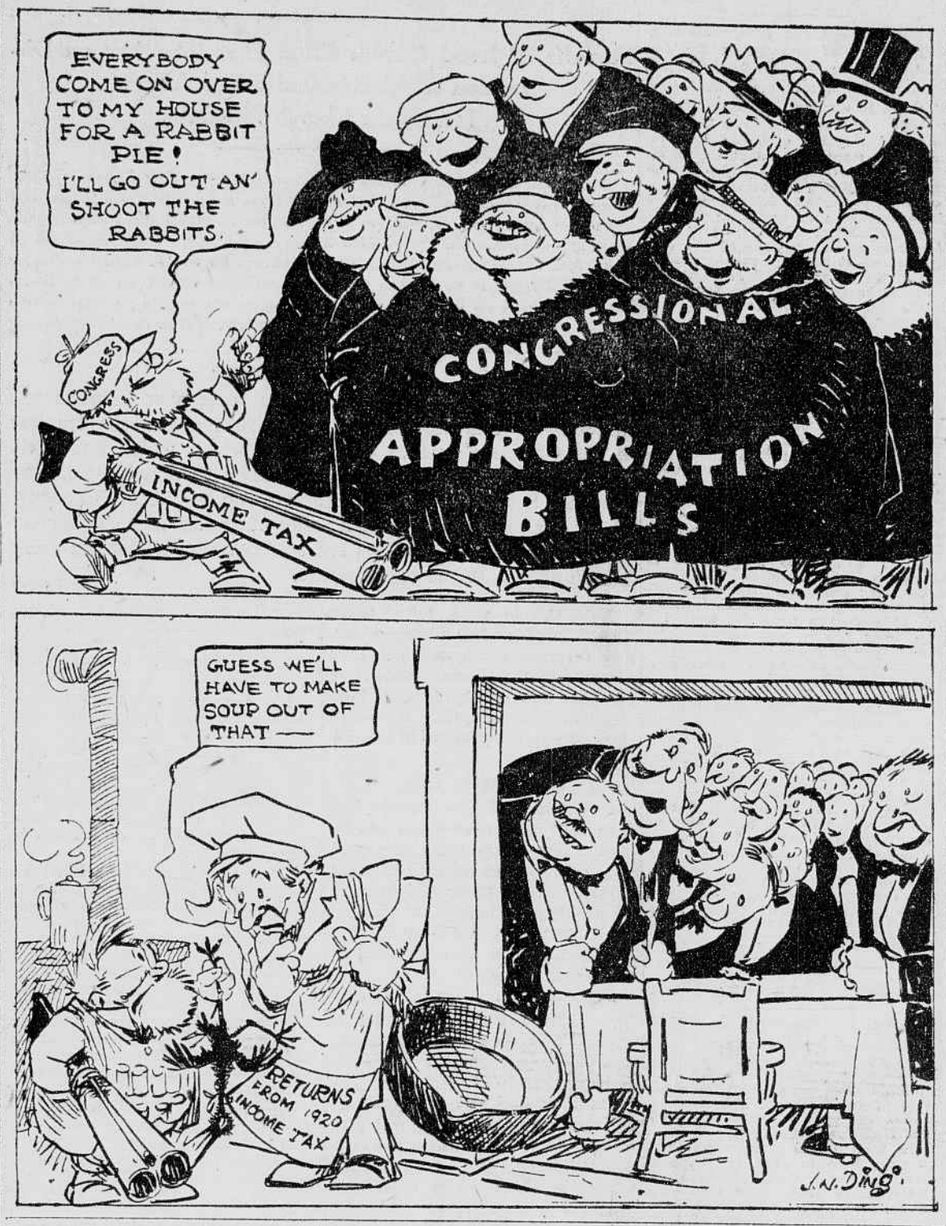
A LIFELONG REPUBLICAN.
Brooklyn, Feb. 26, 1921.

Resuming the Voyage

(From The Seattle Post-Intelligencer)

Prospects seem to be bright for getting the Ship of State out of drydock in the near future.

"FIRST CATCH YOUR RABBIT"



France's Moroccan Troops

Their High Morale and Enviable War Record Attested by an American Officer Who Saw Them in Action

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The reply made by Secretary of State Bainbridge Colby to Senator Spencer's inquiry concerning the Moroccan troops employed in the French Army of Occupation in Germany is based upon the authoritative and comprehensive report of Major General Henry T. Allen, the commander of the American troops in Germany, which, after citing the actual number of recorded acts of violence against women committed by soldiers of the French colored troops in German territory, concludes with an expression of General Allen's opinion that the alleged wholesale atrocities by French negro colonial troops had not, in a majority of cases, any foundation in truth and formed part of propaganda directed against France for the purpose of creating antipathy to France in other countries, especially in America.

So much untruth has been told, however, by the propagandists in their desire to characterize the Moroccan divisions as undisciplined hordes of black irregulars prone to the commission of all sorts of atrocities on a defenseless population that I feel in duty bound to speak from my knowledge of these splendid troops. As the liaison officer with the 1st Division A. E. F., it was my good fortune to be assigned by General Summerall to act in that capacity on the staff of General Daugan, commanding the 1st Moroccan Division in the operations before Soissons, which have so correctly been termed "the turning point of the war." I reported to General Daugan as he was moving into position between the 1st and 2d Divisions A. E. F., and I maintained liaison between the 1st Moroccan Division and the 1st Division A. E. F. throughout the first three days of the attack, in the course of which they gained all their objectives, fighting side by side with the American troops. The Moroccans were relieved on the evening of the third day in order to make good their casualties, which exceeded in percentage even the 67 per cent suffered by our own incomparable 1st Division. General Daugan described these three days in a letter to me as "les trois rudes journées de combat devant Soissons," and he knew whereof he spoke.

A Case of Co-operation

The coöperation between these two divisions was perfect. The circumstances immediately preceding the successful attack on Bersi-le-Sec by Brigadier General Buck are an example. At breakfast in the little cave at Dommiers which General Daugan used as headquarters the General said to me: "In my opinion, Bersi-le-Sec should be taken to-day. Will you present my compliments to General Summerall and tell him that if he agrees with me and will attack this afternoon at 4 o'clock I will support him on the right?" I at once proceeded to General Summerall's headquarters at Cœuvre and gave him General Daugan's message.

General Summerall picked up the telephone, saying: "Give me General Buck." Of course, I could only hear one end of the conversation. It was as follows:

"Is that General Buck?

"General, I would like you to take Bersi-le-Sec. You will attack at 4 o'clock. The Moroccans will support you on your right."

"Yes, I know your men are tired."

"Some of them have wandered into other organizations?"

"Ah, you will lead the attack yourself? Then I know that Bersi le Sec will be taken."

The attack was made and was successful, General Buck leading his men in person. A short time after I had the pleasure of seeing him decorated for this gallant feat of arms.

The Breton Tpye

General Daugan was at all times in close touch with every part of his command. Of compact build, fit as a fiddle, blue-eyed and square of jaw, he was the type associated in our minds with the Anglo-Saxon, but frequently found among the French, particularly among the Bretons—a man of quick decisions and indomitable will, whom men obeyed with alacrity and loved to follow. His staff was numerically small, but every man on his job. The superfluity of paper work which at some headquarters kept so many men of fighting age tied to desks within range of the guns was reduced to the minimum. If I remember correctly, the one typewriting machine at headquarters had a screw loose somewhere and was the only piece of mechanism in the division not fit for an immediate and continuous offensive. The divisional reports which covered all that was essential were written in longhand, but not so very long at that.

Elasticity

My stay with the Moroccan division was of sufficient duration to enable me to realize its high morale, the esprit de corps which permeated it, the elasticity of its formations, its unsurpassed mobility, and last, but not least, its unquenchable desire to go over the top whenever permitted to do so. I can best explain my use of the word "elasticity" by the following instance: I happened to see a squadron of Arab horse in the open, with no available cover, caught under the fire of six German pursuit planes. It was a day of fitful rain; the low and swiftly moving cloud wrack obscured the sky and concealed the approach of the hostile planes, which appeared with startling suddenness. They were undoubtedly as much surprised as was the squadron, but the advantage lay with them, and they cut loose with their machine guns at close range. The squadron scattered—not like a flock of birds with a tendency in one direction, but more like a school of minnows in shoal water when a stone is dropped among them. Away sped the Arabs in every direction, no two together. The planes passed on, and the scattered horsemen reformed. There were a few upon the ground who would never respond to bugle call again, but very few as compared to what would have been the casualties in a squadron of cavalry trained in a more rigid school. The whole thing was over in less time than it takes to tell it.

Prior to the World War the 1st Moroccan Division possessed an enviable history of achievement and military traditions of the highest order. The majority of its commissioned officers are and always have been French, selected for their special qualifications of initiative and their ability to maintain discipline. Among its elements was the far-famed Foreign Legion; the greater part of the division was made up of Colonial Frenchmen, Arabs, chiefly in the cavalry, and a contingent of Senegalese, the only black troops in the division. From the breaking out of actual hostilities until thte signing of the armistice this division was used exclusively for purposes of attack. It was never used for holding a quiet sector, and was held in reserve only for the time necessary to make up the replacements, which, because of the very nature of its employment, grew in time until they outnumbered those of any other division in the French army. The rigorous training to which the officers as well as the rank and file are subjected has for one of its purposes the development to the highest degree of the individual fighting ability of each and every man in it; so that not only could each man take care of himself, but, when it came to the corps-à-corps, or hand-to-hand, fighting, he took his toll of the enemy.

The German En Masse

The German soldier is at his best when used en masse and in preponderating numbers. His training has always been on these lines, which reminds me that twenty-odd years ago Von Götzen, at that time the German Military Attaché at Washington, told me the same thing sitting on the slope of San Juan hill just after the Rough Riders had taken the crest. He said: "I am amazed at the individual initiative of your American soldiers; each man can fight, as you say, 'off his own bat.' With us it is different. We are criticized for using the massed formations of the Napoleonic wars. With our men we have to do so. They must rub shoulders, be handled en masse and like a machine." The German soldier does not, as a rule, shine in individual combat. He feels himself at a disadvantage when attacked with the bayonet by an aggressive antagonist and is rarely able to defend himself successfully with this weapon. But more than the bayonet he dislikes the knife. He has never mastered its use. And this brings me to the Senegalese, whose only rivals in the expert use of this arm are the Goorkhas. There are authenticated cases of machine gun nests being taken by the Senegalese without firing a shot. Thy have come through the infantry lying in open skirmish order, rushed the gun nests and accounted for the gun crews with the knife. For the reasons cited, the Moroccan divisions, particularly the 1st, were anathema to the Germans, and this division was designated by name in one of the first "no quarter" orders issued by the German high command. As a consequence of this order, the Moroccans took few prisoners; an omission for which they cannot in justice be blamed.

Laurels Wherever Engaged

The 1st Moroccan Division throughout the war saw constant service at the front, and won fresh laurels wherever engaged. When hostilities ceased and the French War Office selected the troops for use in the regions to be occupied the Moroccan division was chosen as a part of this force, not only because of its unbroken record for distinguished service but because of the high order of discipline at all times maintained throughout the division. The statistics quoted by Major General Allen show that, considering the numbers involved and the length of time passed in occupied territory, the conduct of the division has not justified the animaadversions cast upon it by the German press, but, on the contrary, would compare favorably with the conduct of any body of troops similarly situated. The Senegalese were withdrawn very soon after their arrival in German territory, not because of adverse criticism but because prolonged sojourn under the climatic conditions existing in Germany was undermining the health of these natives of the Senegal.

France is first of all a chivalrous nation. The persecution of a beaten foe is abhorrent to her. Her treatment of German prisoners of war was at all times humane, and this notwithstanding the cruel treatment accorded to her nationals in German hands. The constant reiteration of the charge that the French are keeping black troops in the occupied regions and that the women and young girls have suffered as a consequence is designed by the German press for local consumption here and with two objects in view: First, to create ill will toward our allies the French; second, to increase race prejudice here.

HALLETT ALSOP BORROWE,
Major O. R. C., late the Liasion Officer with the 1st Division, A. E. F.

The Hiring of Hiram

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: A question in which the taxpayers of New York are much interested in connection with the hiring of Hiram is, will they have to pay his fees, or will the Mayor pay them from his own purse, or from Mr. Hearst's? If the Mayor intends that the expense to be incurred for the upholding of his personal opinion as against the opinion of the Governor, Senate and Assembly shall be borne by the people of this city, then some one should warn him of the consequences of using public funds for private ends.

JOHN CONSTABLE MOORE.
New York, Feb. 23, 1921.

A Week of Verse

The To-morrows

(These three poems are from a page of verse by Zoe Akins in Vanity Fair.)

HOW the old things cling!
Like a page that flutters in one's fingers
Ready for turning,
But which one never finishes.
Is the old life. . . .

Soon,
I have said in my dreams,
I will go on new ways,
Over strange seas, to strange cities;
I shall have new possessions,
New friends, new joys;
I will begin new work;
But these things that I have touched—
Always—
Cling at my fingers,
And the page is never ended.

Weariness, restlessness, dreams, longings,
Come between me and what is written;
Between what must be finished
And the to-morrows. . . .

Ah! the homesickness—
Not for a home that I have left
But for the strange places!
The nostalgia!
Not of memories
But of what has never been!
Ah, the distances! The waiting
And the doubts!—
The aching doubts,
As the storm breaks against the windows
Of this old, old, old house! . . .

Here, in a room just under the roof,
Where the thud of the rain
Is like the heavy wash
Of a sea, in the air—
Where there is the clinging odor
Of withered traditions,
And the sense of ghosts
Pattering in the shadows,
Leaving their sighing footfalls
In the dust of the yesterdays.
Here, I wait—
A stranger, a vagrant;
A traveler, seeking
In a motionless ship,
On a motionless sea—
The to-morrows. . . .

Departure

GONE! Are you gone?—O Summer, best of all:
Best of all years and seasons I have known!
Your bright days shorten and your bright leaves fall,
And keener, toward the night, your winds have grown.

There were so many things that made you dear,
O Summer, dying where the fields are gold!—
The hills, a certain shore, the rains this year,
That kept the flush leaves new till they were old. . . .

But dearer even than your buoyant trees
Were other gifts you brought that shall not go,
When your last blossom in your last soft breeze
Drifts from its high place in the garden row;

Or when the larch shakes off her blue-green veil,
Or out across a world of ashen-blue
The moon sweeps cold and clear . . . and finds no pale
New lovers chilled with love, and wind, and dew. . . .

Prelude

SLUMBER and peace still linger in my waking—
Within a drift of music strangely mingled;
And, from the dawn, with rose and amber kindled,
Dreams have not passed—their thrilling sweetness taking!

Still you are here, as all night long I saw you,
Now lost and now returning; as, by leaning
Backward toward sleep, I hold the vision's meaning,
As within cold and empty arms I draw you. . . .

How keen this phantom happiness! How certain!
How like a prelude with the flutes intoning
The cry of love—the gladness and despairing;
The rising and the falling of the curtain,
The pageantry of singing and of moaning. . . .
In Love's dark hours with secret torches flaring!

ZOE AKINS.

Spring Song

(From The Westminster Gazette)

THE aspens' last leaves twinkle
Like spangles manifold,
The oak-leaves gleam like burnished copper,
The elm-trees glow like gold,
The birch-stems are like silver,
The beech-boughs are like lead,
The yew-trunks are like iron pillars
Raised above the dead.

Spring, with her pretty garlands,
Is dead and laid to rest;
Summer was red with a thousand roses,
But she died like the rest.
There's only Autumn, with dry leaves shuddering,
Cold winds whispering;
But Autumn's bride is the white-veiled Winter,
And their little child is Spring.

E. NESBIT.